

Sasquatch/Bigfoot and Eastern Cousins?

by

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I have decided to write about my experiences in the hopes that others will come forward with theirs. I am an office manager, housewife, mother and grandmother. I am not an author, reporter or hunter. I am just an average person letting others know what I have seen and heard in over 40 odd years of camping in or living on, the edges of some of the forests and deserts of North America at various times.

Publisher's Note: Patricia was preparing this document for publication just before she passed away in the spring of 2014. I was helping her with the layout and computer work. She died before the manuscript could be put on the Internet, but I told her that I would place it in a public area for her. Although I don't have any particular interest in Bigfoot, I wish to honor her dying request. So I am placing it on archive.org for the sake of those who are interested and wish to read this woman's testimony.

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Chapter 1

The Unexplained

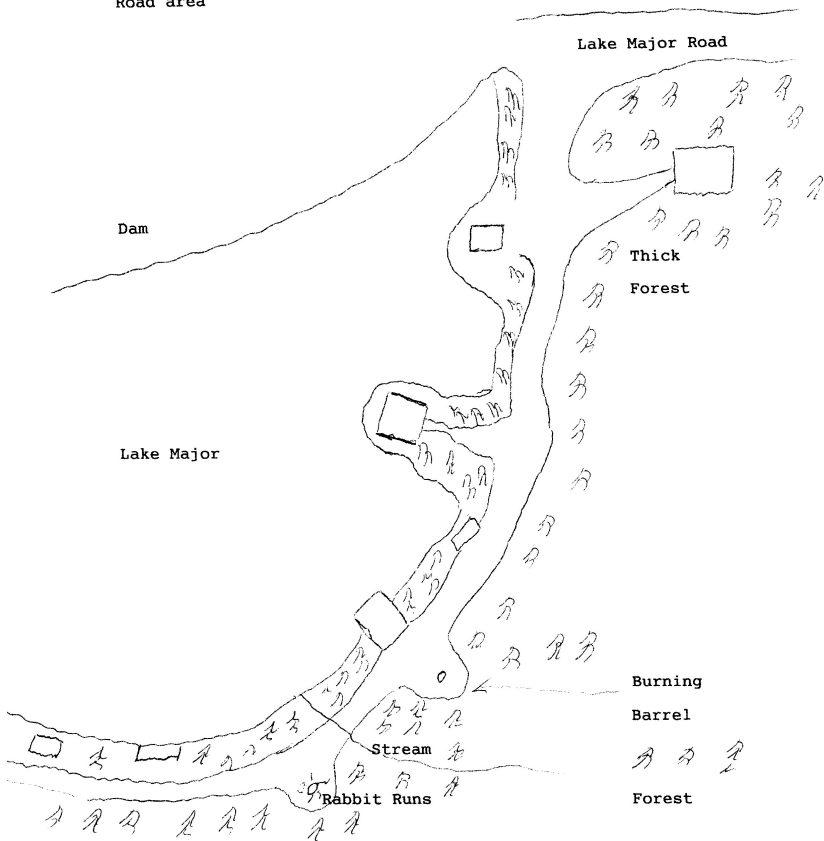
Chapter 1. The Unexplained

I have told the following experiences to a few people over the years. In most cases they are surprised. In some cases, I'm sure they just laugh it off but, I know that it happened and it's true. Over time, I have learned of others that have had the same or similar experiences, however; they do not wish to tell it to just anyone because of some of the bad reactions they have had from some of their friends or relatives. They have never had good reactions from anyone in authority or with the press. They would just as soon keep it to themselves. After they have read my story, I am hoping they will come forward and speak out.

It all began in September, 1959, when my husband, who was in the navy, was transferred from Pat Bay, British Columbia on the west coast to Shearwater, Nova Scotia, on the east coast. There were not many places for rent in the area and with two small children, we needed to get a place as soon as possible. We took a summer cottage as a temporary base. We thought it would be too cold to stay there all winter. We had to leave our furniture in storage as this place was furnished. We did get our washing machine and TV out of storage and our personal clothing. The cottage was located on Lake Major Road, which was a few miles outside of the Town of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. It was a dirt road which was off to the left of highway # 7.

After a few miles or so, it swung again to the left and down along the side of the lake. There were only 3 homes and 4 cottages along the road. The rest of the area was deep forest lands. As you made that turn to the lake area, There was a fairly large, two story home on the left hand side of the road. They had a long driveway and a large veranda. As it was situated on top of a hill, they had a beautiful view of the lake and the dam. After that, there was nothing but trees and shrubs on that side of the road.

Nova Scotia
Drawing Number 1
Road area



Across from the house on the hill, on the right hand side of the road, was a small clearing to the lake. The area was sandy and there was a newer 2 bedroom home about 30 feet from the water's edge. The sand continued for a short distance which gave us a tiny beach to use.

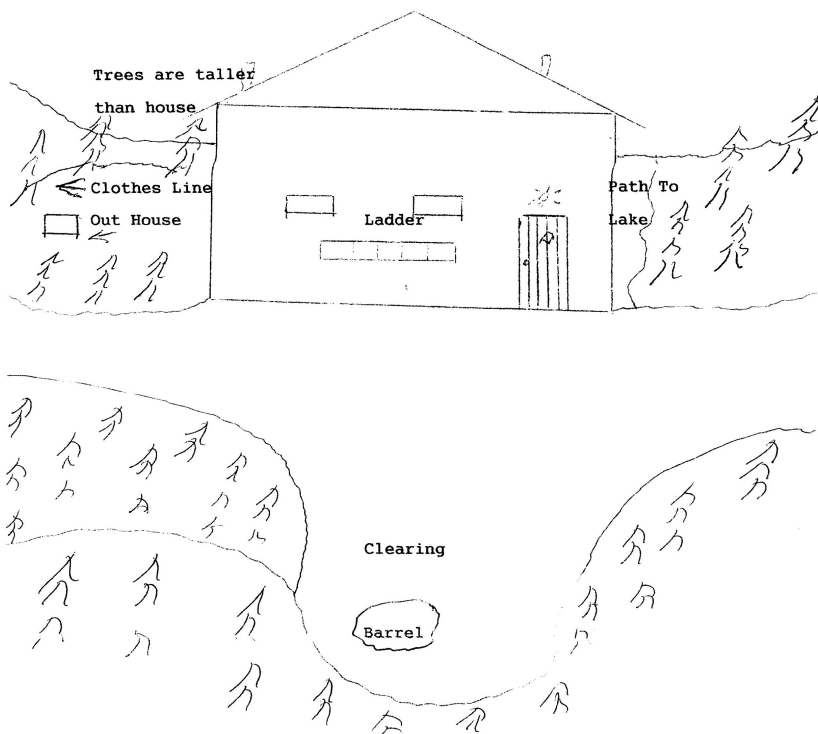
As you kept on winding down the road, again on the right, was a spit of land that had a tree lined driveway to a 3 or 4 bedroom house. It was also a newer home.

Nova Scotia

Drawing Number 2

Back Of House On Road

Lake Major



A little further down the road was the first of the four cottages. There was no one living in it at this time of year. It was right up to the road and hidden in the trees. I believe it was just a little two room fishing shack.

The land now had begun to slope down towards the lake. The only flat land was up by the road. As we round the bend, we see the small 2 bedroom cottage that we had rented. The back door was literally on the road whereas, the front door faced the lake. There was a veranda that was built on pylons

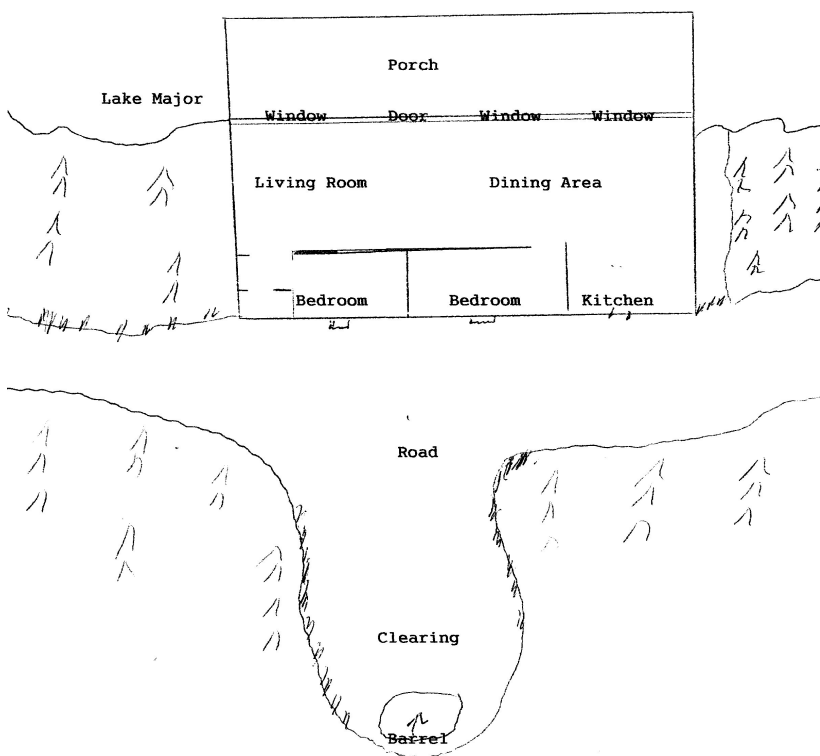
into the lake. Included in the cottage rental was a small row boat that was moored under the porch.

As you entered the house, you were right in the kitchen area and you could see it formed an L-shaped living and dining area. The real nice feature was that the front wall was full of windows so that you had a gorgeous view of the lake, dam and forest. We could sit in the dining area and watch the birds, the squirrels and even see fish jumping out of the water.

Nova Scotia

Drawing Number 3

Inside And Front Of House Facing Lake



The two bedrooms were off of the living room. They were home made beds built right into the wall. Both walls faced the road. There was one small window in each bedroom. They

were actually basement windows that someone had used in place of regular windows. In order to open these windows, you had to use the hook that hung from them and hook it into the eye on the ceiling.

The back bedroom had a small closet which contained a chemical toilet. Other than that you had to use the outhouse. At least, we had a hand pump in the kitchen for running water.

Across the road from our cottage was a small clearing. There was a large tree on the left side of this clearing. In the center of the clearing was a burning barrel for garbage. It was really an old metal oil drum. The branch of the large tree stretched over the barrel. After this section of the road, the road started to narrow. It continued on into the forest but now, it was like a trail with two tire tracks. There was even grass growing between the ruts. The other two cottages were further along the lake. They belonged to Americans who would not be back until the next summer.

The farthest that I walked into the woods from our place was to an opening with a stream running into the lake. I never went in the woods far enough to see the other cottages, personally. But, I knew from my neighbours that they were there and uninhabited for the winter.

The first part of September was beautiful. I took the kids to the beach every day until it started to get too cool. Then I took them for short walks to see my neighbours in the other three houses. I kept the storm door open because it was all wood except for the small 5 inch diamond shape cut out in the top. The kitchen door was made of wood on the bottom only and I could see outside through the glass panes in the top. It also brightened up the kitchen work area.

The leaves were turning beautiful colours and I liked to watch the birds and the squirrels. I had strung a clothes line on the left side of the house not far from the outhouse. On the right side of the house, there was a path leading down to the

lake and to the boat which was tied to a pylon under the deck.

One day I went out to bring some clothes in off of the line and as I approached the door, I spotted some movement on the ground, under the leaves, on the other side of the road. I took the clothes in and then went out side to investigate. As I walked into the forest, a little kitten jumped out of a pile of leaves. It looked about three months old. When I reached down to pet it, it actually attacked me. It jumped onto my ankle, wrapped its legs around with all claws out and proceeded to bite me. I managed to pull it off and it landed in a pile of leaves. As it landed in the leaves, two more kittens came out. When I spoke to my neighbour about them they laughed and told me that some of the people that stayed in the summer had lost their house cats and now they were living in the woods and those kittens were just wild now. I left them alone after that.

A few days later, I was clearing the table after breakfast and I had just taken the dishes over to the sink, when I glanced out the door and spotted a raccoon sitting across the road. I decided to throw the toast crumbs out for him. I brought the kids over to the doorway to watch him eat. After that our raccoon showed up every morning to wait for toast. We even named him "Bandit." I went out another morning and I smelled the distinct smell of a skunk. I never actually saw him but, that smell is unmistakable. On occasion I would see a deer or a rabbit and that's about all.

About the first week of October, we started hearing noises on the roof every morning. It was always between 6 and 7 a.m. It sounded like pebbles were being thrown on the roof. As it was a peaked roof, we could hear something rolling down. I asked my husband what it was. He didn't really know but he figured it was the squirrels dropping pine cones. I did not agree because it was more than one thing rolling at a time. He just laughed it off and said don't worry about it.

By the middle of October It was starting to get very cool at

night and I saw an elderly Afro Canadian man come in with a horse and wagon. He went into the woods and was there for several hours. When he came back out, I saw that he had old stumps and sawed up dead wood in the back of the wagon. Obviously, he was gathering winter fuel. After that, he came in about twice a week.

Then it was hunting season. I saw two hunters go in for a day and they came out empty handed. After that, there was no one. After the hunting season was over, I was surprised to have two R.C.M.P. officers at my door, they wanted to know if I had seen anyone driving or walking into the woods. I told them all I had seen and then they said, "Are you sure you haven't seen any teenagers going into the woods?" I told them no and asked them why? They replied, "Well, somebody broke into one of the cabins down further and vandalized the premises." I then asked them how it was vandalized. They told me that the screen door was ripped and the front door had been pushed in. Then all the canned goods were strewn all over the house. A bag of sugar and a bag of flour was ripped open. In fact, we followed a trail of flour out into the woods and eventually found the flour bag, It didn't sound like teenagers would walk several miles in the cold and dark of the highway and then three or four miles around the lake and through the woods to do what they were saying. I asked them if there was any alcohol in the cabin and they said, "Yes." I then asked if that had been broken into and they said, "No." To which I replied,

"Then I don't think it was teenagers. I don't believe that they would pass that up." After I said that, they got very defensive and said, "Lady, you've been watching too much TV." I became just as defensive and replied, "No. I have not been watching too much TV, I just know teenagers."

Then they left and I had had my first lesson in trying to tell an official anything. The noises on the roof had stopped during the hunting season but now, they were back. Now it was cold and dark at night, but no snow yet.

One evening I decided to go and visit my friend in the first house on the road. My husband was home so he could babysit. I had the kids in bed by 7 p.m. and I walked down the road. I took a flashlight with me in case it was dark when I came back. I left her house around 9 p.m. and started walking home. It had gotten fairly dark, so I turned the flashlight on to see the road. I was already past the next two houses when I heard a sound in the woods to the left of me. I thought that it was probably those domestic cats. As I walked, I noticed that the sound seemed to keep pace with me. Then I started getting nervous. It was too loud to be those cats. Maybe it was a Lynx, Bobcat or Wildcat. They are known to be in the area although, I had not seen one. As I had never known them to attack a person, I just kept walking.

The more I heard the steps, the more I was convinced that it was not a cat. I stopped walking and shone the light into the forest. I saw nothing. I had been aiming the light on the ground. I moved the beam of light up until it was waist high. Still, I saw nothing. I then realized that whatever it was, it had also stopped walking and was watching me. By this time, I was almost in the glow of the light that was outside my door. When I stepped into that light, the noise in the woods stopped. I did not want to show fear because I know that If an animal senses fear, it will attack. I opened the storm door in a normal fashion but I opened the kitchen door in a rush. I very quickly locked both doors and literally ran into the living room and sat down. It wasn't until then that I realized I had been holding my breath. My husband said, "What's wrong with you? You're as pale as a ghost!" I told him what had happened. He started laughing and said that my imagination was working overtime. There's nothing out there. It took me about a week to get over it. And then I had myself convinced that he was probably right.

After two more weeks of being confined to the cabin, I decided to go visiting again. This time, I would leave before dark but I still took my flashlight. I left her house before 9 p.m. Un-

fortunately, it was getting darker earlier now. I took a deep breath and started out. It was really just dusk and I thought if I hurried, I would arrive before dark.

It started out fine, until I got to the same bend in the road. I heard the footfalls again and it was getting darker. This time I did not shine the light in the woods. I was concentrating on the sounds of the footsteps. As I took two steps, it took one. If I stopped it stopped. I kept doing it all the way home. It did not sound like four legged animal nor did it sound like a person. I made more noise walking than it did. I got into the house in the same condition as I did before. I told my husband that I didn't care what he said. There is something definitely out there at night and I will not go out in the evening again.

I did take the kids out in the daytime to visit with my friend. She told me that something had tried to get in the neighbours window and they had called the R.C.M.P. Two constables came out to take a look. They saw a lot of scratch marks on the window sill and decided that it was probably a Lynx or a Bobcat. This was in the two bedroom house on the sand. Everyone on the road thought that it was very strange because some of them had lived there for years and had never heard of that happening before.

By the middle of November, we had a fair amount of snow. The only sounds to be heard was the snow falling from the top branches as the afternoon sun melted them. We heard no birds. Not even chickadees, which usually stay all winter, there no squirrels around I assume they had gone into hibernation. We still had the noises on the roof.

Around the end of November, I was doing the laundry when the hand pump broke. I went down to the lake a brought up a couple of buckets of water up to the house. I made some noise doing it because there were wet leaves under the snow and every time I tried to go up hill, I kept sliding back. I got very frustrated and I know I yelled a few words. It took a while to

finally get enough water in the house to do the laundry. After that, I took the laundry outside to hang it on the line. As I was working, a handful of pebbles rained down on me. They did not come down hard. I finished hanging out the clothes and then I reached down on the ground, pushed some snow and leaves away and found a few pebbles. I picked them up and threw them into the woods just behind the clearing for the burning barrel. At the same time, I yelled,

“I don't know who or what you are but I have work to do. Just leave me alone.”

Then I simply walked into the house. It was about that time that we noticed our raccoon did not show up for toast. I put a piece out in the morning for him and it stayed there all day. The next morning the toast was gone. We did it for three more days but “Bandit” did not show up again and we didn't know what was eating the toast and it was no fun anymore so we quit putting it out.

Before a week was out the new piece for the pump had not arrived and I still had to get water for laundry. We didn't have disposable diapers back then. The cold had set in and I had no axe to break the ice on the lake. I remembered the little stream in the woods and I thought that the ice at the edge of the lake would be thinner there. So, I took my bucket and a hammer in case I needed to break the ice anyhow.

As I arrived at the area where the stream was located, I looked upstream into the woods and right off the road I saw a rabbit run under an upturned tree. I went over to see where it went and I discovered about 10 rabbit runs going in under the roots. It was all covered in snow and the runs were packed down hard. I figured there must be a lot of them in there.

Then I went downstream to the lake and the water was running freely so I went down to the water's edge to fill the bucket. In the stillness I did get an eerie feeling of being watched but I shrugged it off and went on home.

Then, about a week or so later, I was looking out the window and the sun was shining on the snow and I felt a touch of cabin fever. I put the kids on the sleigh and went to see my neighbour that lived out on the spit of land, just down the road. I was talking to her about the rabbit runs in case her son came to visit and wanted to get some. She said no but if I wanted to go and get one for supper, she'd loan me the gun. I thought that was a good idea. I know my husband liked rabbit stew. I could surprise him.

I took the gun, ammo, kids and sleigh and walked past our place to the clearing by the stream. I had covered the kids with a bear skin rug so I knew they were warm. I parked the sleigh on the road just before the stream and I turned it around so that they could see me and I could see them. The sleigh was now facing towards our cottage. I then climbed on top of the pile of snow and sat there and waited. I could see all the rabbit runs from there. My back was facing upstream into the woods along the clearing. I was just thinking to myself, what if I don't have the heart to shoot a rabbit. I had cooked them and I had eaten them but I had never killed one. Then I heard a loud noise in the woods behind me. I turned quickly. I thought it was a moose crashing through the trees. I was standing up, ready to run for the sled and home. But, I saw nothing and the silence was deafening. I thought that whatever it was, it was gone now. I sat back down. It was quiet again with no wind at all.

Within twenty or thirty seconds I heard it again. This time I heard it even louder and I heard a kind of a RRRRR sound with that was really guttural. When I looked around all I saw was a large tree just weaving as though someone had shaken it violently. I didn't need anymore. That was enough. I decided that we were in someone's happy hunting ground and we were leaving. I ran down the hill and grabbed the rope on the sled. I remember yelling at the kids to hang on. I kept looking back to check on the kids and to see if anything was following. I know I would have shot at it if there was, if only to protect the kids.

When we got to the cottage, I ran in the house, sleigh, kids and all and quickly locked the door. I remember how the kids were laughing. They enjoyed the ride. In fact, my oldest who was around 4 years old said, That was fun mommy. Let's do it again. I simply said, "I don't think so." I did know one thing. It was not any kind of cat or moose that shook the tree nor made that noise. I know what a moose sounds like.

After that incident, I decided that I would not be going into the woods at all. I may walk down to see my friends but only in the morning and only if my husband was home to baby sit. I really felt that I'd have to be ready to run and I didn't want to endanger my kids. I again made the mistake of telling my husband and he just laughed it off. I took the gun back to my neighbour the next day. I told her what happened and said that if he wants rabbit stew, he can go himself. She just said, "I don't blame you." At least she didn't laugh at me.

By the middle of December, winter had definitely set in. There was nothing but silence in the woods. No small animals to see. No squirrels or birds around us. By now the squirrels and bears would be in hibernation. The floor was extremely cold. The wind would blow up from the lake and right under the house. I told my husband that we couldn't spend another month here. If I didn't have the bearskin rug, the kids could not have played on that floor. It was hard enough to stay in the cottage all day alone with the kids, but my husband also had to stay all night on duty at the naval base every third night.

Just before Christmas, we had put up the tree and had done all of our shopping for the season. We had a very small refrigerator with room in the freezer for only a couple of pounds of hamburger and some chops. We had been eating a lot of fish and venison while we were living here so we decided to get a ham for a change. I had stuffed the ham in the fridge and there was no room for anything else. Then we had a visitor. This friend had brought us a frozen turkey as an early Christmas present. I had only one place to put it. We had a ladder hanging

horizontally on the outside of the house. I figured it was cold enough outside so I put the turkey on the ladder.

The following morning both our friend and my husband left for work. I was to be alone that night as my husband was on duty. I carried on as my usual day. After I had the kids washed and in bed, I baked two kinds of cookies. The smell filled the cottage. I cleaned up the kitchen and watched TV until after the news was over. Then I went to bed. When I was alone at night, I always left the outside light on. That way, if anyone came to the door, I could stand on the bed and look out the little window to see who it was before I opened the door. Since we had lived there I never had to do it, because; anytime that anyone had came to the door in the evening, my husband had always been home.

I turned off the bedroom light and just settled down for sleep when I heard a low grumbling noise outside. As I laid there listening to it, it got louder and longer. I did not turn on my bedroom light. I stood up on the bed with my back against the wall. I inched myself along all the time hearing the noise. I made it to the other wall that had the window. I tried to see what was out there. There was nothing in the light. I looked across the road to the burning barrel. Still nothing but I could still hear it. Then I looked above the barrel and above the branch. That's when I saw the eyes glowing in the dark. They were huge and they gave off an amber/red glow. I was terrified.

At the same time, I was fascinated. I wanted to know what it was but I did not want it to come any closer. I just wanted it to step into the light. I thought that maybe it was a large cat in the tree, laying along the branch, but the eyes were too far apart for that. I wondered why it was out there at all. Then I remembered the turkey. I even thought if I was brave enough I could open the doors, grab the turkey and throw it to the beast. I told myself,

“Are you crazy? There's no way I'm going to open the door,

and let that thing get in the house!”

As I listened to the sounds I thought that maybe it was a bear or a moose. I dismissed those thoughts because; first of all neither of those two make that kind of noise. Besides, if it was a bear, a bear would have just bullied his way over to the turkey and helped himself and there is no reason for a moose to go after a frozen turkey. All I've seen them eat are the reeds and grasses under the water. I believe they are vegetarians.

After an hour or so I got tired of standing there. Nothing was happening except the sounds. I figured that it was afraid to step into the light. If my light bulb would hold out all night, I'd be okay. I sat down on the bed with my back leaning against both walls by sitting in the corner where the walls met. I listened to the growling and moaning all night long. At times it did change pitch almost to a low whine and then it would start up again. When it was loud it sounded as though someone was moaning into a wooden barrel. Very close to having an echo. It also had that guttural sound again. That's the only word I can think of to describe it. When dawn broke around 5 a.m., it stopped. I stood up and looked out the window. It was gone. My light was still burning. I laid down and slept until the kids woke me up around 7 a.m.

When my husband came home that day. I tried to tell him about what had gone on. I could tell that he didn't believe me at all. So, I just said get us another place to stay or I'm leaving. He said okay. The following morning we both went down to talk to the neighbour in the big house on the hill. He had lived here for years and he was a hunting guide. He was a Mic Mac Indian. I told him what I had heard. He came back to look for tracks. He said that there hadn't been any bear in this area for over 50 years. However, you could walk from here to Truro and never be seen by a person. I said that's a good 60 miles. He said, that's right and the forest is thick. He said that all the tracks around the barrel were hard and packed down and there were so many he couldn't make anything out. He also said that

it could not have been a moose and if it was a cat, the cat would've just taken the turkey. And as far as that goes, so would a bear. When I showed him where the eyes were, he said that would be impossible unless it was 10 to 12 feet tall. He had no answer to the puzzle.

That night, I thought of all of the strange things that had been happening. I suppose a cat could have made the scratches on the window sill, a bear has been known to get into a cabin and do the damage that was mentioned, especially, dragging the bag of flour in the woods. But there were no bear in the area. I tried to imagine what animal would have stood there and shaken the tree so violently to scare me that I would leave and yet, would not even show itself. Also, what animal would throw pebbles at a person? Especially, when those pebbles were not thrown hard enough to hurt anyone. Another thing, why did it not throw pebbles at my husband when he was outside? Did it sense that he was a male and possibly more dangerous? Then I remembered how angrily the tree was shaken. Was it because it saw and recognized the rifle in my hand? That was the only time I sensed anger. The trees in this area were not small, they towered over the cottages and the houses. It would take a lot of strength to shake any of them.

Just after Christmas both children came down with pneumonia and we found a new place to live. I think that cold floor had a lot to do with it. In any event, we were out of there and I still had no answers to my questions.

Chapter 2

Possible Answers

Chapter 2. Possible Answers

1965 we were living in Edmonton, Alberta. For the first time, I heard the names Sasquatch and Bigfoot. I laughed at the news reports just as much as the reporters themselves did. Of course, I had heard of the Yeti and the Abominable Snowman. But they were not in North America. The reports started to come in more frequently. I began to think that maybe there was more to this than we think.

When I heard about the film that Roger Patterson had made around, 1967, I did want to see it. I never did get to see it at the theatre but, I saw it several times on television. The more times I saw it, the more I was convinced that it was real. It didn't make any sense to me to make a fake Bigfoot then, make sure you could see that it was a female. If I was going to make a fake, I would have made it as a male simply because, that is what was being reported most of the time. Every time I saw something that related to Bigfoot on the news or in the paper, or any special shows that were coming on, I had to read about it or watch it.

In 1976, while we were living in Pierrefonds, Quebec, I received a book that made me think of things. We were living on the corner of our street. Our street intersected with the second street to form a "T". If I looked outside I could see both the houses across the street and the line of houses along the second street.

One evening, I was sitting in the living room by the window. I was watching television but every so often I found my eyes wandering to the house in the center of the "T". I couldn't keep my eyes off it. I lost all interest in the TV and decided that I must be over tired and I should just go to bed. I did just that and I fell asleep almost immediately.

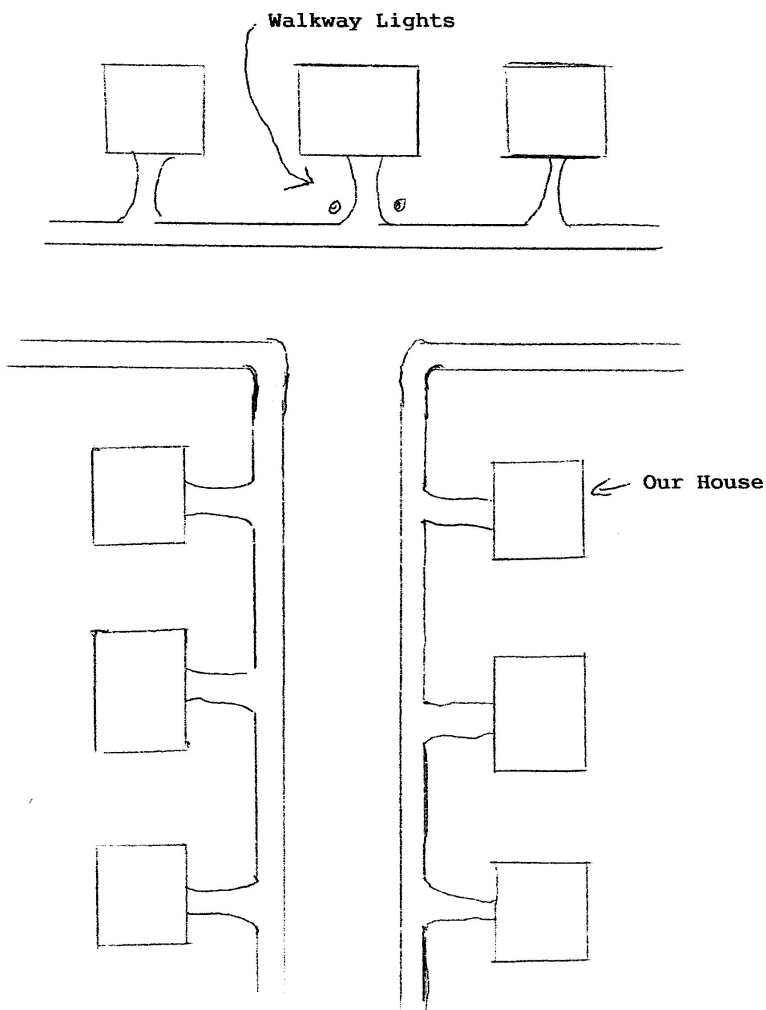
I was awakened in the middle of the night by the worst nightmare I'd ever had. I was right back in that cottage that I

had lived in almost 20 years ago. When I woke up, I could still see those eyes. I was shaking and my hands were wet with sweat. I got out of bed, had a few cigarettes and after I had calmed down, I went back to bed.

Quebec

Drawing Number 4

Layout of Streets



The following morning, as we were having breakfast; I mentioned my nightmare to both my husband and our youngest son, who was then about 13 years old. My son had never heard the story and I had to tell him about that one night before he would leave the table. I did not tell him all the different things that had happened because, there was no time. Then we went to our jobs while our son went to school.

That afternoon when my son came home from school, he threw a little yellow book down on the table.

“I found that in the school library, mom. I thought you might like to read it.”

I picked up the book and read the title. It was called, “The Sasquatch.” I don't remember the author's name but it had to have been purchased by the school board in Point Claire, Quebec, because they handled all purchases for the English school system. I had to get supper ready, so I took the book to the table near my favourite chair and left it there until I had time to read it.

After all the work was done for the day, I settled down in my chair and started reading. The first story that made me sit up and take notice, was about a woman who was digging potatoes in her garden in Agassiz, British Columbia. As she was working, a handful of pebbles were thrown on her. They were not thrown hard, but it startled her and she looked to see where they had come from. There, at the far end of her garden was a large, ape-like creature. It had black hair all over it's body. She ran back into her house in fear.

The second story that got me was a report of the sighting of an ape like creature in the woods in 1960 near the town of Truro, Nova Scotia, which was only 60 miles from where we were living in 1959, when I had my first sighting. The third story concerned an Indian tribe in northern Quebec. Apparently, they had legends of an ape like creature they called, “Mahtahgahmi.” The word in English was said to mean, “hairy

man covered in stones.” This creature was known to fish and swim in the river and then roll around on the ground to dry off, just as some dogs do. In the process small stones would cling to it's long hair. The Natives would put food outside their village at night so that it would not come in to take the women and/or children. There were stories in their legends about this happening when the women and children were in the woods picking berries.

Of course, we don't know how true these legends are. But where did they come up with the description of the animal? As the French trappers did not speak the native language immediately, they thought that the natives were telling them the name of the area and to this day, the town is called, “Metagami.” The author also mentioned other such creatures that are said to roam the Ural Mountains in Russia. He even mentioned something called, “Big Muddy,” that is supposed to be in the Florida Everglades.

I don't know anything about those stories but as far as I'm concerned, the story of the pebble throwing in Agassiz and the sighting outside of Truro confirms what was happening to me in Nova Scotia. Even the stories in the Native legends tell me that if they were or are in Quebec, they could certainly be in Nova Scotia.

The author also mentioned that there was another creature in India that went by the name of “Mhatagami.” Scientists have long believed that the North American Native people had ancestors that came from Asia, through Europe and across the Bering Strait when the Strait was still frozen, near the end of the ice age. If we accept this, then it is possible that our illusive friend, Yeti, Abominable Snowman or Mhatagami, could have done the same thing. It gives us more to think about.

I put the book down and thought long and hard about things. Then I turned and glanced out the front room window and I immediately saw the source of my nightmare. My eyes went dir-

ectly to that same house and I noticed that on each side of the sidewalk leading to the front step was a standing light. These lights were about 5 feet tall and were done in black wrought iron. The frame work around the actual lights was done in the form of an old fashioned lantern and the single bulb in each lamp was amber in colour. Those lights had triggered the memory of the amber/red eyes I had seen. I had no more nightmares after that.

By the 1980's we had returned to Alberta and had joined a camping club that had a campground a few miles outside of the town of Rocky Mountain House. It was about a half a mile from a small lake called Crimson Lake. At first we were going out there on weekends only. Then, we spent the whole summer there as my husband took a job in sales because we loved it so much. We felt that it was the best campground we had ever been in. We saw many animals, birds and liked to listen to the coyotes. We found that in the fall we would hear them more because there were less people.

After that, we started winter camping. That was a real experience. It was so dark, we could see the stars much better. We also had the occasional bear that would come wandering through. We had what was laughingly called, "bear proof garbage bins." They were square wooden bins that could hold 4 regular garbage cans. There were 2 cans on each side and you had to lift a wooden lid to get at them. We had one of these bins very close to the site we had selected. We awoke one morning to find that the planks of wood on one side had been ripped off and a bear had helped himself. Then a camper down the road said that he had seen a large honey coloured bear actually lift the wooden lid and then the metal lid off of the can to help himself.

We had many deer in the campground. Especially during the hunting season. They sensed that they were safe in there. In fact, the campground abutted reserve forest where no hunting was allowed.

One evening while we camped in an area that was close to the forest, I was sitting outside in our screened add-a-room, playing a tune on my Omnichord, when I heard a rustling noise in the trees. It was very dark and I couldn't see a thing. Just past these trees was a bridle path for horseback riding. I continued playing my music when I got that eerie feeling of being watched. I looked into the trees again and saw and heard nothing. I decided to go inside and forget it.

The next day the maintenance man came up to my camp site and told me to keep my eyes open because someone had spotted bear droppings on the bridle path. I said okay but never saw a thing. At that time, no one actually saw a bear nor did they check for tracks. They simply assumed it was bear droppings, but it could have been a Sasquatch also.

While living in Edmonton, there were people brought in to the hospital practically every summer because of bear attacks over the years. Some were attacked while sleeping in sleeping bags. One lady needed 14 stitches in her head after a bear had bitten her right through the tent. Bears are not shy. All it takes for a hungry bear is the smell of a candy bar or even mint toothpaste and it will come after it. A bear has been known to open a metal ice cooler with one or two swipes of its paws. The claws rip through the metal like a giant can opener.

When we decided to retire, we would spend the winter months travelling and most of the summer months camping. On one of our trips, we saw vehicles stopped on the side of a major highway. We pulled over to see tourists watching a beautiful cinnamon coloured bear eating the leaves off of a sapling. The parents had placed two small children between themselves and the bear in order to take a picture of the kids with the bear. I told them to get those kids back in the car. Luckily, the bear did not turn on them. It could have at any moment.

We were camped in the campground one October. We usually went south on November 1st. I believe it was 1991 but I

am not sure of the year. In any event, we were set up on a site near the edge of the forest. Behind us past a few trees was a lane with 10 cabins. On the other side of the cabins was a dirt road. I believe it was a forestry road with a right of way road going into the forest for the oil business. We had just settled in the bed for the night. I know it was just after the 11 o'clock evening news. It was so quiet you could have heard the proverbial pin drop. All of a sudden to the left of the motor home there was a scream that would make the hair on the back of your neck stand straight up. I sat up and listened. It had come from our right in the woods. A few minutes after that, we heard it again. This time it was behind us perhaps on the edge of the road. Again, I sat and just listened when we heard it for the third time. This time it was farther away and to the left of us. My husband, by now, was also sitting up. I said,

“What in the hell was that?”

He replied,

“I don't know what it was and I'm sure not going to go outside to find out!”

We decided that what ever it was, it had been heading towards the lake. The following morning I met the manager's wife and asked her if she had heard the screams.

“I sure did!”

And I was terrified. I had just been visiting a friend in her cabin and was walking towards my cabin when I heard the first one. I was running down the lane when the second one came and I was at the door at the time that the third one came. Would you believe that this was the first time that my husband had locked the door and it wouldn't open. I had to pound on it to wake him up. He had fallen asleep on the sofa while watching TV. He opened the door and I ran in. He hadn't even heard it. I've been living out here for eight years and that's the first time I've heard those kind of screams.

Then we went down the road and met some other campers.

They were also talking about the screams in the night. One gentleman figured it must have been a cougar. We all disagreed with that. Even though, we have seen their tracks on occasion. We knew it was not a coyote or a wolf. Some of the screams sounded like a cross between a mountain lion and a wolf, but it was horribly loud and very deep. I knew that we did have all of these animals in the area. We never did agree on any of them. We had all heard Elk, Bear, Deer and Moose before and they were all ruled out. Even their mating calls were not like the screams. We never heard it again. And we just forgot about it. We just thought that it was unusual. It could have been a Ban-shee for all we knew!

I didn't say anything to anyone but I remembered the droppings on the bridal trail and wondered if maybe they were not bear droppings. Maybe it had been the screaming animal. Besides, I had been eating potato chips just before I started playing the music and the open package was right beside me on the picnic table. A bear most certainly would have smelled them. I don't think my music or my light would have stopped a hungry bear and they are hungry in the fall.

Then, in 1994, on one of our trips, we stayed at a campground at Bridal Falls, British Columbia. It was in September. I was getting a little bored so I walked down to the highway. I knew there was a service station with a little store and I thought I might look for some souvenirs. I walked to that section but didn't find anything I wanted. Then I spotted the books. Thinking that I might find something I'd like to read, I started browsing. Then my eye caught a thin red book with a drawing of a Sasquatch on the front. I thought that it might be interesting and bought it. I read it that night. I just couldn't put it down. I saw on the maps where the sightings had been. We were very near Agassiz and Harrison Hot Springs and I made up my mind that we were going to drive around the area and just get a feel of the place.

I also noticed that there had been a sighting in Caroline, Al-

berta. That was only 22 miles from where we had heard the screams. Also, there were sightings of the Bighorn Dam area in Alberta. That too, was not too far from where we had heard the screams.

I had also learned by this time that a grown bear needs approximately 50 square miles to be able to forage for food and to exist. If a bear needs that much area, and some of these animals seem to be bigger than a bear, then all of this relates to my experiences in Nova Scotia.

We did go and visit the area and drove out to the Sasquatch Campground. It was bordering on the wilderness area too. After, all that I had seen and heard, I decided to write to the author of the book. I wanted to tell him everything but, there was too much to tell in a letter so, I just gave him a thumbnail sketch on everything. I had also noticed that he had written a second book and I wanted a copy. The author's name is John Green. I have reprinted his reply on the next page.

Now, when we went camping, we kept a cassette in the radio, ready for taping, a video camera ready for recording and a photo camera ready to take a picture. I had them all on the table every night when we camped near the wilderness. Unfortunately, we never heard a sound and we never captured anything on any of the cameras.

We talked to many people in our travels. A man who managed a campground in Christina Lake, British Columbia, told us that he doesn't think that he could find one person in that town that hasn't seen or heard something in the woods, or at least doesn't know someone who has. They will not, however, talk to outsiders about their experiences.

We ran into the same thing in Ainsworth, British Columbia. There were other stories heard that were basically the same in the western States. We did camp at a campground in the Dalles that had actually reported what they saw. They showed us the area from on top of the hill.

Box 374
Harrison Hot Springs, B.C.
Canada V0M 1K0

Oct. 10, 1994

Dear Ms. Poirier,

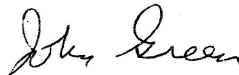
Cheam Publishing, which was my own company, has been wound up, and my books are now published by Hancock House, 19313 Zero Ave., Surrey, B.C. V4P 1M7. Volume 2 has been retitled "Encounters with Bigfoot" and Volume 1 is "On the Track of the Sasquatch." The price has gone up to \$9.95.

Regarding the lack of reports in May, you could well be right in speculating that a reproductive cycle is involved, but the explanation could hardly be as simple as females seeking seclusion at that time to give birth, because there are so few sightings of females at any time of year. Of course it is possible that most females cannot readily be recognized as such, despite the few outstanding exceptions, but the infants of all higher primates have to be carried for a considerable period and there would then be years during which the young would have to accompany their mothers at all times, yet reports of adults with small offspring are very rare indeed. My own conclusion is that females are almost always far from human contact, while males take more chances, perhaps because they have to have exclusive territories and females do not.

I am puzzled by your reference to a book titled "Sasquatch" that has a story about a sighting in Nova Scotia in 1960. The only book I know of by that title is by Don Hunter and Rene Dahinden, and it does not refer to anything in the Maritimes, nor am I aware of any report whatever from Nova Scotia, from any source. The reference to a being in India called "Mataghamie" is also new to me. If you know where this book can be obtained I would like to see it. I have some familiarity with the "stone-clad" stories, but have never known whether they should be considered in the same class as "sasquatch" or not.

Your letter does not indicate what happened in Nova Scotia in 1959, other than that there were sounds involved. I don't file incident reports for anything that does not involve either the sighting of a hair-covered biped or oversized humanlike footprints. There would be a value in having files of other unusual phenomena as well, including sounds, but I have not kept that sort of information over the years and it is a bit late in my life to start now. If your experiences did include either a sighting or footprints, however, I would like very much to have a copy of your written account.

Yours sincerely,



Reprint Number 1

Chapter 3

Total Confirmation

Chapter 3. Total Confirmation

By the year 2000, my husband and I had split up and I was living in a desert town in Arizona. My friend Don and I were going camping up in the Payson area to get away from the heat. It was only about 220 miles away, but it was a long hot ride in the middle of July, with no air conditioning.

We stopped at a gas station and I got some ice cubes and a bottle of water. We had to use a wet face cloth on both of us. Our plan was to go shopping for groceries and then go and find a camping spot. We were hot and tired. We opted to find the camping spot first and go shopping in the morning. We were too hot to be hungry. We ended up on Flowing Springs Road. We took the first open spot and stopped. Then it sprinkled some rain and we felt good.

The next morning, we went shopping in town. Then we went to find our camping spot. We ended up at a place called, "The Water Wheel." I believe it was on the Houston/Mesa road. It was nice but very crowded. Now we could relax. We are both over 65 years old and we just wanted a little rest in a cooler area and to be able to sit and listen to the Katydid. It was nice watching the people catching fish, the kids catching crawdads and the people walking to the falls or swimming in the river.

By Monday, there were less people in the area and we met a few of them. A younger man had been camping further down the hill and he brought some wood for our camp fire. Every time he went to town he would pick up anything we wanted from the store. We also met a man named "Harry," who had been camped down the hill as well. Don recognized him. You were here 8 years ago when I camped out here before. He said that it was him alright.

We had a few more days of good camping and then we had to go back to the desert because Don had a doctor's appoint-

ment. We returned to the heat for another 10 days. We wanted to return to the Payson area before the long weekend in September was to start. That way, we would be able to get a site in the area we wanted to stay, with no problem. We knew that that week end was the last big camping week end of the season.

When we left the desert area, the thermometer on the vehicle read 128 degrees. That, of course, was directly in the sun. We went directly to the shopping area on arrival. Now, the thermometer read 106 degrees. We decided to go directly to Flowing Springs Road as it would be quieter there. The camping area is about 6 miles outside of Payson. When we arrived at the camp site, the thermometer registered 85 degrees. It was great!

We had gone to the last camping site on the road. We had taken a right turn from the dirt road and then a sharp left turn into a circle of large cottonwood trees. We just sat there and enjoyed the cooler air. Then I looked through the trees and saw that another vehicle was already there. As we were too close, we drove over to the right side instead. It was about 40 feet away. There was a small flat hill with two large juniper trees. We backed our vehicle up to the edge of the hill and set up our camp.

Our vehicle was a large Suburban. We had a queen size mattress in the back and it was to serve as our sleeping quarters. We had stretched a canopy under one of the juniper trees for the kitchen area. It was also used as protection from the rain that could come and go at any time. If it was a real storm, we would sit in the front of the vehicle until it passed. We had also set up another canopy over a rope, which was in the shape of a small tent, in order to give us a private toilet area. We had a chemical toilet in there. We were quite comfortable. Then, the other people under the cottonwood trees, left. We did not want to change our camp so we stayed where we were and went to work fixing up our fire pit. We scoured the area for fire wood

and I went down the path to the river and filled two gallon jugs with water for washing purposes. We also had a trouble light which we plugged into a converter so that we had bright light if we needed it. Our camping lantern had bit the dust last year.

By Friday afternoon, people started arriving for the long weekend. There were lots of young families, as well as groups of teenagers and a few older couples such as ourselves. By Tuesday we were all alone. Every day, we would watch the school bus come and go and the ranchers driving by. They were going to homes further up the road. The road carried on around a curve and up a large hill off into the forest area.

We had a young man drive in and bring us some old lumber from a shed he was tearing down. We were busy separating the wood for our fire. Then an older gentleman came down on his ATV to give us some apples and tomatoes from his garden. The people in the area would give us a wave every time they drove by. At night we would listen to the cattle, horses and dogs that lived on the ranches. Of course the coyotes did their thing as well. By Thursday we were hearing the elk. They were now starting their mating calls. We also had two ravens that would greet us every morning and evening. We had a lot of different birds around including, some that were called, camp robbers. These birds spent more time on the ground than they did in the trees. We saw the odd hawk and some kind of birds that were swooping down to get fish from the river.

The Park Ranger stopped by and we asked him for some garbage bags so that we could pick up garbage that other people had left. They do have volunteers that come and do it every few days but we thought we'd like to help. The Ranger supplied us with the bags and let us stay in the area. It was a 14-day area and we would soon be close to using up our time. We did not have the radio on so it was very quiet and it stayed that way until the following Friday.

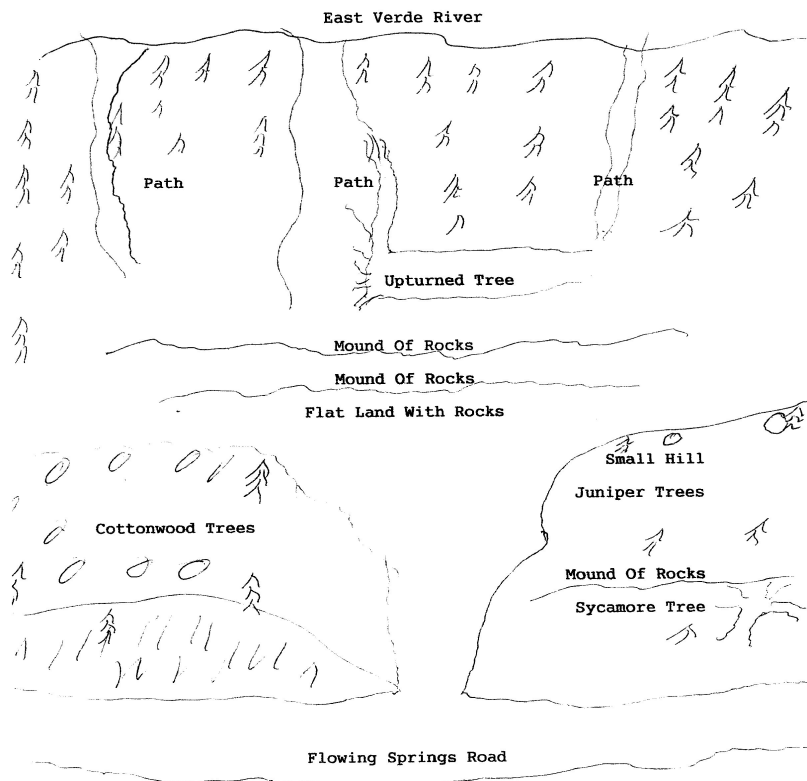
Two men arrived in a pick up and set up camp in the cotton-

woods. It turned out to be a man about our age and his son who looked to be around 30 years old. They were just as quiet as we were but they did have a small radio in which they played old country western music cassettes. It was very pleasant to listen to it in the distance, while sitting around the camp fire. They had brought their own fire wood. That was a good idea because there was not much dead wood around.

When we were out looking for wood, we found a lot of old stumps. They were small enough for us to tip over. Underneath those stumps were thousands of white grubs. Some of them were bigger than a man's thumb. I saw them first because I wanted to make sure there were no tarantulas around. It is a good area for them. I wasn't keen on meeting them.

The area itself is beautiful but strange looking. First of all you are completely surrounded by high cliffs. The one side of the road could be scaled but the side on the other side of the river was higher and steeper. There were giant slabs of rocks jutting out everywhere. Down from the hill we were on was a gully with a large mound in the center then another gully that flattened out towards the trees. This whole area was covered in stones and boulders. Giant trees were lying on their sides with their huge roots sticking up in the air. All of the stones and boulders were rounded as though they had been tumbled over and over. You could tell that we were actually on the dry bed of what was once a gigantic river flow. The waters must have rushed through with a tremendous, sudden force, in order to uproot those huge sycamores. It had to be the way the boulders had been smoothed as they turned. Some of them, in some areas, were as big as our suburban. It had to have happened hundreds, if not thousands, or even millions of years ago. The trees on the river's edge were much younger. This part of Arizona is situated in what is called the, "Mogollon Rim Wilderness." It extends for miles.

Arizona
Drawing Number 5
Near Payson



It was either Sunday, September 10 or Monday, September 11 that our two neighbours left. I believe the older gentleman's name was Leonard. He stopped and talked to us about the lack of firewood. He said that he lived on Bell Road in the city and if we were going to be there next week end, he would bring up a load of wood. We assured him that we planned on staying right where we were. We were completely alone again. There were no other campers near us.

Down the road towards town, the road turned and dipped in a lower section. The water actually trickled across the road in

that area and we had seen 3 or 4 tents and a Volkswagen Camper camped in there. There were 3 or 4 cars there as well. We could not see or hear each other from our camp site. During the day, we had knocked over a few more stumps, exposing the grubs, centipedes, etc., for the fire. We had also caught some crawdads at that time. The friend that I was with, Don, noticed that there were no shells on the banks of the river. He said,

“When i was up here about 8 years ago, there were shells all over. I used to watch the raccoons and skunks fishing for them. The raccoon used to lie out on a downed log and dangle his paw in the water until one of them would clamp onto it. Then he would go to river bank and sit and eat them. He would just drop the shells right there. Come to think of it, I haven't seen either of those animals nor any trace of them since we've been here.”

That reminded me of the disappearance of the small animals in Nova Scotia when I had my first sighting.

Around 6:30 that evening, we sat around our camp fire. We were just listening to the elk, coyotes and ranch animals. We had no music now. As it got darker, we heard gun shots from different kinds of weapons and it made us uneasy. I kept hearing noises behind us, towards the river. Just small things, like a rock being turned over or a leaf being crunched underfoot. I had the distinct feeling of being watched.

We decided to turn in around 8 p.m. We wanted to save our battery for the light so that we could use it the next night. We were also very tired. The moon was just coming over the top of the ridge when we fell asleep. I was awakened by a thud either, under the vehicle or on the side of it, and the rocking of the vehicle. At first I figured we were feeling a small earth tremor. Then, I thought that an animal was trying to get at our food. I shone the flashlight out the back window and then out my window towards the camp, but, I saw nothing and I went back to sleep.

When I spoke to Don about it the next morning, he had not heard or felt a thing. He thought that perhaps a small animal had banged the tail pipe on it's way up the hill under the vehicle. That would've been towards our food. He also thought that maybe we'd had a small tremor and didn't think anything of it. I know that he is a much deeper sleeper than I am. He also is deaf in one ear and if he was lying on the other ear he would not have heard anything. Plus, being more used to tremors than I was, this was so small it would not have phased him. He also had not had a good night's sleep for almost a month before because of illness and the heat of the desert. It had been 105 degrees inside the trailer down in the desert. He was sleeping soundly in the cool of the area. We were at the 5000 foot level in elevation.

The next day was a complete repeat of the happenings of that day and night. Although, there were no gun shots. I couldn't believe it. After breakfast, We went to town for groceries and decided to nose our vehicle into the camping area instead of backing into it as we had been doing. This made a shorter distance for our trouble light that was hanging in the tree and it was easier to turn off at night. As I sat in the camp site, I noticed all the hand prints on the back side window. I thought that when we were setting up the canopy for rain and shade, that Don had put his hands on the window when retrieving the extension poles that were taped to the rack on the roof. I walked around the vehicle to see the other windows. No prints. I did see a small piece of duct tape on the rack where the poles had been taped. I asked Don about it and he said that he had not touched the windows at all. And while I was in the store getting the groceries, he had waited in the vehicle and no one had touched them in the parking lot.

The following evening, We had to get some bark to start our fire. There was a large uprooted sycamore tree that we had been using for that. We had enough wood for a short fire. As we were sitting in our usual position, with our backs to the

river, I again heard some sounds of something walking. I felt as though a thousand eyes were watching me. I asked Don if he could feel it. He said that he could not. We sat up a little while longer and then he said,

“You're really spooked, aren't you? Do you want to get in the suburban?”

I told him yes but I'm getting in on this side. I am not walking to the other side in the dark. When we got inside we were not tired so we were talking. I asked him if he had noticed that the squirrels, the camp robbers and other birds had not been around lately. He hadn't but now that I mentioned it, he hadn't seen the big birds by the river either. As the katydids had come and gone, it was dead silence.

Then we laid down and went to sleep. I was awakened by a horrendous scream. I sat up in bed and I heard it again. The first one was very close. The second was further down the river, closer to where we saw the tents. It made the hair stand up on the back of my neck. It sounded like a cross between a cougar and a wolf. Don was still asleep. This time I woke him up and asked if he had heard it. He muttered no and went back to sleep. I was hoping it would scream again so that he could hear it before he went back into a deeper sleep. I decided to sit there and have a cigarette and just relax.

By the time I put the butt out, I heard it for the third time but much further away. Unfortunately, Don was sound asleep and heard nothing. The sound stayed in my head and the next morning I realized that it was the same sound I had heard years ago in Rocky Mountain House, Alberta. It also was close enough to hear some of the guttural sounds that I had heard on Lake Major Road, Nova Scotia in 1959.

The next day Don mentioned that maybe we should move to another camp site. There seems to be things going on here and we are two old people all alone. Besides, it's starting to get boring in the daytime. I agreed that we'd pack up tonight and move

tomorrow morning. I was almost to the river to get some water, when I noticed 3 large holes in the ground right beside the path. In fact, I had to actually go around one of them to get to the other end. I went and retrieved the water and stopped to look at them again on the way back. Some large stumps had been torn out of the ground and were lying beside the hole. These were stumps that we had tried to pull up earlier, but they were too tough for us. Again I had that feeling of being watched and I rushed up to the camp. I was glad that I would not have to come down here any more. I didn't need any more water or crawdads, I'd had it. I told Don about the holes. He figured it was probably coyotes that dug them. I didn't ask him how the coyotes managed to move the trunks.

Later that day two volunteers came to help clean the area. They were senior citizens also. I talked to them about the screams. They had never heard of wolves in the area but they certainly had heard of cougars every once and a while. They seemed to believe that I had heard coyotes. I couldn't convince them otherwise. They also mentioned that there were bear in the area. I knew this already but I know they don't scream.

When we were in bed that fourth night, I could not relax. I still felt as though I was being watched both day and night. It was really hard for me to unwind. I finally fell asleep. I don't know what woke me up or what time it was, but the moon was almost full and directly overhead. I sat up and looked out the back window and saw the circle of cottonwoods. You could see them clearly. Then I looked out my side window. This window faced the uprooted sycamore that was lying on it's side. This was the tree that we were using as a fire starter. When Don was standing at the base of the root system, his head came to the top of it and he is 5 foot 9 inches. That will give you an idea of the size of the root system. I looked at the root and still being half asleep, I said,

“If I didn't know better, I'd swear that I am looking at a Sasquatch.”

I didn't even realize that I had spoken out loud until Don said, "What?" Then he sat up and looked. He said,

"It's only the shadow of the stump. Go back to sleep!"

He laid down and began to drift off to sleep again. I laid down and I could still see it in my mind. I kept thinking, how could a shadow be so perfect? Then it hit me, the moon was directly overhead. There couldn't be a shadow!

Now, I was really wide awake. I sat up quietly and looked straight out the back window at the cottonwood trees. I was right! There were no shadows being cast by those trees.

At that point, I looked out my window again. It was still there. I shifted my position to get a better view and it must have heard my movement, as it turned its head to look my way. I stayed perfectly still and I didn't speak. When I didn't move, it turned its head back to where it was before.

I could see by its profile that its head was bigger than mine or Don's and that it had more of a button nose than anything else. Also, its forehead seemed to slope towards the back of the head. It had a short, squat neck and long arms and fingers.

As it turned one hand; I caught a glimpse of its palm, in the moon light. It was shiny black, almost leather like. In fact it reminded me of patent leather. Its face had the same shine to it.

The eyes were very black and round. There was no hair on the face or the hands. It was very barrel chested with a slim rear end. It looked as though it had a short waist. Its legs were bent as you will see in the drawing but they seemed quite long. The whole body was extremely muscular. It was completely covered in jet black hair that shone, almost blue, in the moonlight.

I believe it was digging for grubs with its right hand while hanging on to the stump with the left hand. It was the left palm that I saw when it shifted positions. I could see that it was in a position that was quite comfortable to it. It was not straining to reach either the top of the roots or the bottom of the roots,

where it was digging.

The hair looked about 2 inches long, in fact, it looked as though it had a funny-shaped, long, crew cut. It too sloped to the back.

I thought of shining the flashlight on it but then, if I startled it it might start throwing some of those big rocks at us and up to now, it had not tried to harm us in any way.

I sensed that this was a young, healthy, male and that it was curious about us. I wished that I had had a camera but then the flash might have frightened it anyhow. Who knows what it might have done.

The next day we looked for foot prints or hair or anything. We found nothing, as the area was covered in rocks. I started to walk down to the river to check for prints in the soft soil and I immediately got that "I'm being watched" feeling again. I decided just get ready and go.

Before we left, Don did go to the trunk to try and get in that squatting position. No way could he reach that high. He figured it must have been eight or nine feet tall. I had originally thought that it was about 7 feet tall but after seeing Don in that position and standing at the window to get the same perspective, I had to agree with him. What shocked me though, was the amount of space his body took between the trunk of the tree and the tall grasses behind him. The animal must have been 3 or 4 times thicker in body than he was, because it filled up so much more of that space. Don I know was 175 pounds at that time. The animal must have weighed about 4 or 5 times that much.

We left that day and drove down the dirt road to town, as we passed the area with the tents, I could see that they had all left. I think the screams told them it was time to leave. We went on into town to get groceries. While I was shopping I asked the cashier if there had ever been any reports of a Sasquatch in the area. She didn't know what I was talking about. I then changed

the question to a bigfoot and she said no.

We went to another camping area called, The Third Crossing. There were more people there and I felt better. After we set up our camp, we were just sitting there and I glanced at the vehicle. I noticed that the dust of the road had brought the hand prints up very clearly. Both the left and the right hand prints could be seen now. There were several sets of them. I think it's hands were oily from the grubs it had been eating and the dust had something to cling to. I walked over to the vehicle and I put my hands in the same position but below the prints. I did not want to mar them. I pushed on it once. Then I thought that he would've given a much harder push than that. This time I pushed with more oomph than I would normally use. Immediately, I heard that same thud sound that I heard on those other two nights and the vehicle rocked gently. It was at that time, that I realized that that was the side of the vehicle facing the river. It must have been watching us while we slept. Maybe it rocked the vehicle to see what we would do.

All of a sudden it hit me. What if I had shined the light on that side rather than the camp side? It might have gotten upset or I might have had a heart attack just from fright. I'm glad I didn't.

In the next few days, we met two people that had interesting stories, when we told them of our visitor and showed them the hand prints. We did not mention where we had been camping when the incident occurred. The first person was a young man about 19 years of age. He said that one evening, last July, he and a couple of buddies went out to a camp site just to see what was happening. They got out of the car and were just standing in front of it when a large rock was thrown right through his windshield. They didn't know who threw it but they knew it came from along the river.

They took flashlights and searched but never saw anyone or anything. I asked him where it had happened. He replied,

“On Flowing Springs Road. At the ring of cottonwoods.”

That's when I told him that we had been camped down there. The second person was a man and his son. He looked about 30 years old and his son was about 9 years old. He wanted to know if we had heard any elk in the area. He was an elk hunter and was checking things out for the next hunt. We told him that they were all over. We heard them everywhere we had camped.

I asked him if he had ever seen or heard anything unusual in the woods around here. He replied that he had. Last year he had been hunting around the town of Pine, which is about twenty miles from here, and he had heard the most godawful scream that he'd ever heard in his whole life. He said it really gave him the willies. It made the hair stand up on the back of his neck. I laughed when I heard that because, I had said the exact same words! I had both of these men hold their palms near the prints to compare the sizes. They had fairly large hands, especially; the older man but it did not compare in size to the prints on the window.

The next day, the park ranger did his drive through. I tried to report the incident but when I mentioned bigfoot, he just started laughing. He did say,

“Oh, you probably ran into Harry. He's been around for years.”

By that time, I was angry. He was talking to me as though I was an idiot. I told him,

“No! It was not Harry. I've met him and the animal I saw was healthier, younger, and much more handsome than Harry! All I'm doing is making a report. You could write something down!”

Then I walked away. I didn't even mention the hand prints because I know he would have said that we did it. I was disgusted. He mentioned the bear of course. I knew a bear had ripped open a tent and the camper had, luckily escaped unharmed; but

I knew it was not a bear that I had seen. There is no way a person could mistake this animal for a bear. Besides, a bear would have gone for our food right away. It would have torn open the cooler and the plastic box that held the dry food. This animal did not. It was not interested in our food or belongings at all. All in all, I found this creature to be a smart, cautious, curious and handsome looking animal. It must have been very strong with those arms and that chest but it was definitely not an ape or a gorilla. It was more human looking in it's demeanor. I think it was because of those long, muscular legs. They were not short and bowed as an ape's would be. I believe if I would have seen him standing up he would have been just as straight and erect as any human.

I thought of how quietly it had walked both here and in Nova Scotia. Because of it's size, it's hard to believe. Especially, since it could not have been more than 5 feet away as it stalked me in the woods and it made no more noise than a small animal walking on the leaves and snow. I again wrote to Mr. Green. I have reprinted his reply (see next page):

Box 374
Harrison Hot Springs, B.C.
Canada V0M 1K0

Nov. 20, 2000

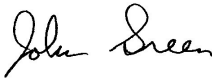
Dear Ms. Poirier.

Thank you very much for taking the trouble to send me such a full account of your experience in Arizona and the drawings. I do not have very many Arizona reports, but a couple of those I do have were from the same part of the state. One was a very dark, 6-foot creature seen crossing state route 88 near Roosevelt Lake in February, 1991. The other was at a campsite in Mogollon Rim Wilderness, about 30 miles east of the Blue Ridge Reservoir in May, 1980. That one was dark in color and estimated to be over 8 feet. It was apparently eating food remains from an old campfire pit when it was seen by campers arriving at the site at night. It stood up and ran off.

I don't suppose there is any way to prove whether absence of the usual small animals is directly related to the presence of one of these creatures in an area, but it has certainly been reported in other locations where there have been sightings.

I am over 70, and have started winding down my involvement in trying to keep track of all that goes on regarding the sasquatch, but if you are interested there is a wealth of information available on the internet, particularly at www.bfro.net.

Yours sincerely

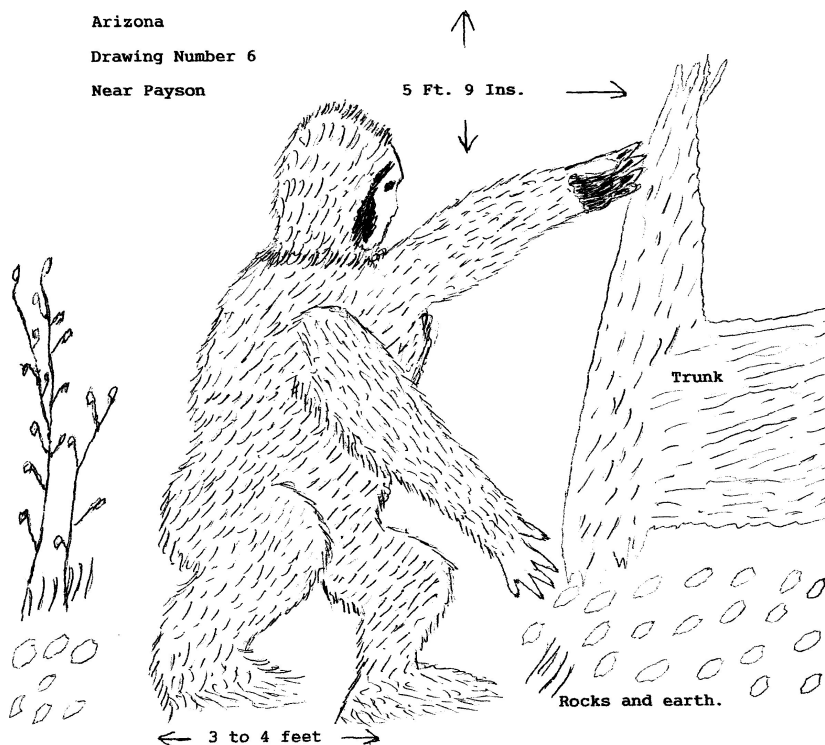
A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "John Green". The ink is dark and the signature is fluid.

Reprint Number 2

Arizona

Drawing Number 6

Near Payson



It was more muscular than any man I've ever seen. When its face was turned towards me, it was so black, the features could not be discerned. Its head looked almost square shaped with the moon outlining the sides and the top. The hair could have made it look that way. I could not see the bottom of the face. I did see black eyes and high boned cheeks that shone in the moonlight when it turned sideways. I also saw protruding bones in the area of the eyebrows. Its hair seemed to be of uniform length. As you can see, it was 5 feet 9 inches when it was in a crouched position. The neck seemed short.

Chapter 4

Legends And Knowledge

Chapter 4. Legends And Knowledge

Right up into the 1900's, the Europeans did not believe the stories of the native peoples of Africa when it came to the large beast that lived in the jungle. They put it all down to legends, witchcraft, and superstition. Any stories that were told, were never taken seriously.

Then one day, they captured their first gorilla. They were now believers.

But, even then they themselves were not believed, until they took a gorilla all over Europe and then North America and put it on display. Finally, it was accepted as real.

We have many such legends within our own native tribes. Again, they are largely ignored. Almost every Tribe in Canada and the United States have their own version of bigfoot. They may relate the creature as animal, cannibal or spiritual, but I believe they are talking about the same thing.

Some of the younger generation of Natives do not believe the stories of the Elders. It is because they no longer live in the wilds as their ancestors did. A good example of this, is a group of Natives in Alberta. They decided that they wanted to go back to the old ways. A group of young adults and some families left the reservation and moved in to the forest to see if they could do it. It was a struggle at first, but they started to settle in.

Then they started having strange visitors to their little village. It showed up when they were chopping trees away from the village and again at night, closer to the living quarters. Those who saw it say it was the animal from the old legends. I believe they eventually moved back to the reservation.

Unfortunately, these legends are going to be lost to history unless, those working in the Native studies and culture take time to tape the information from the Elders. If each Tribal

Chief would sit down and let the Elders tell their stories in their own language and in their own way, a lot could be accomplished. I know that the Native peoples could combine these stories into a comprehensive book. It must be done by Natives as the elders would not tell their stories to outsiders. I can understand their feelings on this. They do not want to be seen as old fools and they feel it is their own history and culture that is at stake. I am sure that there is grant money to be had for such a study in both countries. The main information would be where and when the stories took place if possible and the name of the Tribe. Because the people were either nomads or were moved away from their lands by the government, some of the information may have been lost already. It would probably take the resources of at least one central place where this information could be sent, translated and put on computer. I would like to see the Native leaders work on this. The Native people accepted nature as it was. No questions asked.

In Alberta there is a mountain called Turtle Mountain. Its name was translated from the Native name which meant that the mountain was slowly moving. It was decided that a town would be built in the area. The Natives told the white men not to build the town in the spot they had chosen. The geologists were brought in and they okayed the building of the town. After it was finished and the people moved in, they lived there for a while. Then, one night, the mountain came down on top of them. There was only an infant that survived the tragedy. The town was called "Frank." The Frank Slide is in the history books.

Let's glean what we can from already published stories that are in Mr. Green's books and the archives of the old newspapers. Our populations are growing in both Canada and the States. We are encroaching on the wilderness more than ever. There will be many more encounters in the future. The internet address given in Mr. Green's letter will be a good source for these. Unfortunately, Not all of us have internet accessibility.

We still need somewhere to send information by mail. I think we should look at what has been reported so far.

Are they always alone? No! They have been seen in groups of two three and more. They apparently, do not hibernate.

I spoke to a gentleman named, "Jim." He lived in Ainsworth, British Columbia and does not want his name published. I can only repeat his story as it was told to me. It was hard to believe at first and I found it to be a most unusual story at the time. Now, I think it was very believable.

One day he was talking to his friend about a meadow he had come across in the forest. Apparently, it was full of wild mushrooms. They decided to go and gather them. The following morning they went mushroom hunting. When they got to the meadow, Jim's friend saw that there were lots of edible mushrooms and they began picking them. When they had their bags half full, Jim stood up to rest his back and he glanced at the far end of the meadow near the edge of the forest. He saw a bigfoot just standing there, watching them. Jim told his friend to take a look.

As he spoke, the bigfoot started walking slowly towards him and at the same time, 4 or 5 more of them came out of the woods. Now all of them were walking towards them. Jim and his friend started backing up to the edge of the forest when Jim suddenly thought that maybe the bigfoot did not want them to take any mushrooms. So, he yelled at his friend to throw the mushrooms towards the bigfoot. Both of them did that and the Bigfoot and it's friends stopped moving forward. When the men got to their side of the forest they ran as quickly as they could to their vehicle. They had been glancing behind them all the while but they were not followed out of the forest. To this day, neither men will go to that area for mushrooms.

Are they seen day and night? Yes! It seems to me that it is very active at night and catches naps in the day time when it feels safe. There are less people in the forests at night. That

would change the amount of night sightings. Winter too, would change the amount of sightings. Again, because of less people entering the forest. It has been seen walking, standing, watching, squatting, swimming and what looked like wrestling or playing and running. It can move more like a human than any other animal. Its no wonder that there are many legends and stories about them.

Descriptions

Male, female with or without a young one. From 6 feet to 14 feet tall. From 200 pounds to 400 plus pounds. Very muscular. Covered in hair except for face hands and feet. Hair can be black, brown, grey, white or reddish brown. Hair can be short or long. This may depend on the age of the animal. Barrel chested. Sometimes a smell is associated with the animal. It's eyes seem to be round, black and glow in the dark when a light is flashed on them. The glowing is generally amber or red. It can move very quickly or very slow. It has extra large strides as seen by the foot prints. The depth of a print can give a hint of the weight. The size of the foot prints are enormous. For all of this size, it can move very quietly and stealthily in the woods. I believe it could over take a deer if it were hungry enough. It seems to have a usable thumb.

Sounds

Shrill screams, guttural sounds, moaning; low growling, wolf-like howling, muttering and some have mentioned whistling sounds. Extra loud. Sounds that seem to be yelled into a barrel.

Intimidation

Walking slowly towards people. Known to throw handfuls of pebbles at women and rocks at men. Shakes trees and then remains unseen after doing these things. Definitely not a bear, cougar or wolf. Pull stumps out of the ground. Possibly a bear but the cougar or wolf would dig around it looking for small

mammals as food not, pull it up.

Food and Water

It has been seen drinking, swimming and fishing. It eats fish, crawdads, other shellfish, grubs, small mammals, rats, mice, rabbits, wild onions, mushrooms, grasses and berries. And, whatever it was, it did want my frozen turkey. Torn apart carcasses of deer have been found possibly by bear or these animals. They seem to eat almost the same foods. I don't know if they ate the raccoons, cats or skunks, but they did disappear. Maybe they sensed the danger and just left. As the birds seem to have left the area also, the silence in the forest would have warned these other animals that something was wrong.

Intelligence

It seems extra smart. It can track a man. A bear, excepting the polar bear, generally, does not set out to track a man. It will stop walking when you do and start up again as soon as you move. It is extremely curious and stealthy. It seems to have fantastic, vision, day or night, and extraordinary hearing and smelling abilities. It warns people to leave it's food source alone. The pebbles seem to be used either to get you to leave or pay attention or maybe to see what you will do or if you are inside a cabin. It seems to get upset when it sees a gun or something that looks like a weapon. The shrill, loud, screams that end in a wolf like howl are, I sincerely believe, either mating calls or a way of finding other animals of their kind.

If all sightings to date and all new sightings could be compiled on the computer, we would have more intelligent information as to time of day, date, where and when. If all people could feel free to relate what they have seen, without fear of humiliation, we would be able to see a better pattern. I hope that this book will entice the people who have had sightings to log on to that internet address and get it recorded. We may find that you were not the only person that saw or heard

something in the same area at the same time. It's up to you. All I know is that I am grateful that I finally had the opportunity to actually see one. Sounds, smells and even feelings are one thing but, to really see it in its full presence is awesome!